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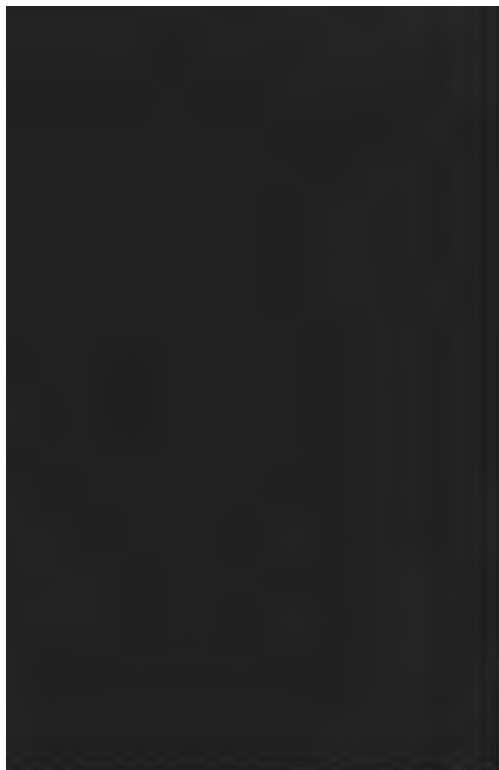
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1

*The Thoughts of God.*

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

## The Thoughts of God

How precious also are thy thoughts unto me. O God! How great is the sum of them.  
Many O Lord my God are thy wonderful works which thou hast done and thy thoughts which are to upward: they cannot be reckoned up in order unto thee. *Ps. 40. 5* I would declare and speak of them: they are more than can be numbered. *Ps. 40. 5* I am poor and needy yet the Lord thinketh upon me. *Ps. 40. 17*. For my thoughts are not your thoughts neither are your ways my ways. Saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth so are my ways higher than your ways and my thoughts than your thoughts. *Is. 55. 8, 9*. For I know the thoughts that I think towards you. Saith the Lord. thoughts of peace and not of evil to give you an expected end.  
Jeremiah 29. 11  
If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand: when I awake, I am still with thee.

By the Author of Morning & Night Watches

James Nisbet and Company





THE  
THOUGHTS OF GOD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF  
"MORNING AND NIGHT WATCHES," "WORDS  
AND MIND OF JESUS," &c. &c.

"How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God."  
—Ps. cxxxix. 17.

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"Lo! my God, most kind and compassionate; while I wish to consider the glory of Thine immeasurable love and goodness, my soul is not sufficient for the task; for all perception of the human mind falls beneath Thy glory, Thy beauty, Thy virtue, Thy magnificence, Thy majesty, Thy love. As the splendour of Thy glory is inestimable, so the kindness of Thy love is unutterable, by which thou adoptest as sons and joinest to Thyself those whom Thou didst create from nothing."—*Augustine*.

"O my Father, it seems to me sometimes as if Thou didst forget every other being, in order to think only of my faithless and ungrateful heart."  
—*Madame Guyon*.



## THE THOUGHTS OF GOD.

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THE Thoughts of a great man on earth how valued!—with what feelings shall we ponder “the Thoughts of God?” We treasure the thoughts of the wise and the good for their own sake, but how is their value enhanced when they are personal, and have a special reference to ourselves? These “Thoughts of God,” are thoughts toward *us*. “I know the thoughts that I think towards *you*,” (Jer. xxix. 11.) “Thy thoughts which are to *us-ward*,” (Ps. xl. 5.) “How precious also are thy

thoughts unto *me*, O God," (Ps. cxxxix. 17.) We peruse with additional interest the Diary—the recorded thoughts—of those with whom, while living, we interchanged hallowed friendship, and whose regard and love we had been privileged to enjoy. In opening the Divine "Diary,"—unfolding the Divine Thoughts as these are recorded in Sacred Scripture,—we have the elevating assurance, 'this Great Being loves me—pities me—"carries me on His heart,"' (Ps. xl. 17, *margin*.) If it be consoling to be much in the thoughts of a revered earthly friend, what must it be to occupy the thoughts of ONE, better than the best, more loving than the most loving human relative? An earthly father writes his son in a distant land, 'You are never absent from my thoughts.' Such, too, is the comforting declaration of our Father in heaven. The humblest and loneliest of His children on earth

can say, "I am poor and needy, yet the Lord *thinketh* upon me."

In one sense we are everywhere surrounded with God's Thoughts. Outer nature is a majestic volume of these. His sublime thoughts are the everlasting mountains—His lofty thoughts the distant stars—His terrible thoughts the lightning and tempest, the earthquake and volcano,—His minute thoughts of discriminating care the tiny moss and lichen, the tender grass, the lily of the field, and pearly dewdrop,—His loving thoughts, the blue sky, the quiet lake, the sunny glade, the budding blossoms and beauteous flowers,—His joyful thoughts, the singing streams and sparkling waves,—His unchanging thoughts, the rock in mid-ocean, on which the waves are in vain spending their fury. But it is not in these mute, undefined, often mysterious symbols, that sinners, redeemed by the blood of Jesus, can discover



the true Divine "Cardiphonia,"—the breathings and utterances of the very heart of a reconciled Father. "He hath magnified his *word* above all his name," (Ps. cxxxviii. 2.) He "hath in these last days spoken unto us [given expression and utterance to His "thoughts"] by his Son," (Heb. i. 2.) It is in Christ that each thought of God becomes "precious,"—a ministering angel of comfort and hope, a deep pool of unfathomable grace and love, reflecting the image and the peace of heaven. He is the true ladder of Jacob, upon which thoughts upon thoughts of unutterable tenderness troop down from the upper sanctuary. The Father is represented in an impressive figure as "wakening him morning by morning,"—"wakening his ear to hear as the learned;"—confiding to Him one blessed thought after another, that He may speak them as "words in season to him that is weary," (Isa. l. 4.)

And *how* precious are these thoughts of God! Well may He say regarding them, "As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts,"—infinite, immutable, everlasting,—a glorious chime carrying their echoes from eternity to eternity. We may try to form what estimate of them we may, they far transcend our loftiest imaginings. "Now," says the apostle, "unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or THINK," (Eph. iii. 20.)

God loves and treasures even our poor thoughts of Him. "A book of remembrance was written for them that feared the Lord, and that *thought* upon his name," (Mal. iii. 16.) Oh, how should *we* cherish and garner *His* ineffable thoughts towards us!—take them to solve our doubts, calm our fears, soothe our sorrows, hush our misgivings;—it may be to smooth our sick-pillows or

our death-pillows. These, like tremulous music in some hallowed, time-honoured sanctuary, floating on the entranced ear, have fallen with their heavenly vibrations on many a downcast, mourning, troubled, pensive spirit, and woke it up to hope and confidence, peace and joy. This has been the experience of believers in every age,—“In the multitude of *my* thoughts within me, thy comforts [thy comforting thoughts] delight my soul,” (Ps. xciv. 19.)

With the devout Psalmist these ‘thoughts’ seem to have formed the theme of *morning* meditation; for he adds, in our motto - verse, “What time I awake I am still with thee.” “What is man,” exclaims a saint of an older age still, “that thou shouldest magnify him? and that thou shouldest set thine heart upon him? and that thou shouldest visit him *every morning?*” (Job vii. 17, 18.) In this little volume of daily read-

ings, we have been able only to make a brief selection from these "precious thoughts." "Many," truly, "O Lord my God, are thy wonderful works which thou hast done, and thy thoughts which are to us-ward: they cannot be reckoned up in order unto thee; if I would declare and speak of them, they are more than can be numbered," (Ps. xl. 5.) But may these few sparks of living fire—a handful of burning coals taken from the holy altar—serve to kindle the fuel, or brighten the flame of the morning, or, it may be, evening sacrifice. Nothing surely can serve better to quicken faith and animate love—to mitigate grief and disarm temptation—to temper and moderate life's anxieties and engrossments—to sweeten our earthly joys—to hallow our earthly sorrows—to elevate and dignify our earthly pursuits, than to go forth to the world, climbing its mountains of toil, and descending its valleys of

care, preoccupied and solemnised with  
A THOUGHT OF GOD ! \*

\* "If we would let God's thoughts, as they are revealed in the Word, come in and fill the chambers of our minds, how different our views and feelings would be regarding both Him and ourselves. . . . What an ado unbelief sometimes stirs up within us, as if all were over ! what weeping and dirging as of minstrels waking the dead ! Were God's thoughts to be let in, it would be like Jesus coming into the midst of the mourners and saying, 'Why make ye this ado and weep?' . . . As the minstrels and other mourners were put out of the house by Jesus, so must *our* thoughts be put out of our hearts by God's thoughts—then, all being still, the sweet voice of the Redeemer will be heard, 'Talitha'—'Arise.'"—*Hewitson's Memoirs.*

1ST DAY.

"How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God"—

"For thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy: I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones."—Isa. lvii. 15.

**Infinite**      THIS verse may with  
**Condescension.**      reverence be termed,  
God's own description  
of His two dwelling-places. How  
amazing the contrast and disparity;  
inhabiting *eternity*, AND—the *human*  
*bosom*! The great of the earth asso-  
ciate with the great; kings have their  
abodes in palaces; one of *His* palaces  
is the *lowly heart*.

Inconceivable is the distance of those  
stars whose light takes millions of years  
in travelling to our earth; and yet what  
is this? a mere span, compared to the  
distance which separates the creature  
from the Creator. We are "but of  
yesterday." Our days are as an hand-  
breadth,—“as a dream when one awak-  
eth!” *Eternity* is the lifetime—the bio-

graphy of the Almighty,—ages and eras the pages of the vast volume! If our distance from Him be great as creatures, it is greater still as sinners. Yet this high and lofty One, dwelling in the high and holy place, and whose name is Holy, deigns to be the inmate of the humble, contrite spirit, and to listen to its penitent sighs. Oh, unutterable, unimaginable stoop! The sovereign visiting the abode of poverty is earth's illustrative picture and symbol of condescension. Yet what, after all, is this, but one perishable mortal visiting another perishable mortal. But here is Omnipotence dwelling with weakness, Majesty with nothingness, the Infinite with the finite, Deity with dust! How this "precious thought" ennobles, elevates, consecrates the human soul. That home of earth is ever afterwards rendered illustrious where royalty has sojourned. "If a man love me," says Jesus, "he will

keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him."

What, O Lord, is man, that Thou art thus *mindful* of him, and the son of man, that Thou visitest him? Prepare my heart for Thy reception. Rend Thy heavens and come down;—fill its temple-courts with Thy glory. May all its powers—sprinkled, like the sacred vessels of old, with the consecrating blood—be dedicated to Thy service. "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise." Destroy every pedestal of pride. Make me humble—keep me humble. What have I to be proud of? Nothing. I am dependent continually on Thy bounty. My existence—my health—my strength—my reason—are a loan from Thee the Great Proprietor, who canst, in the twinkling of an eye, paralyse strength, dethrone reason,



arrest the pulses of joyous life, and write upon all I have, "Ichabod, the glory has departed!" Much more is this the case in spiritual things,—a pensioner from hour to hour on redeeming grace and love;—*but for Jesus, lost for ever!*

It is lying low at the foot of His cross that I can learn how the Greatest of all Beings can be the most condescending of all. "I cease to wonder at anything," said an ardent believer, "after the discovery of God's love to me in Christ."

"WHO IS LIKE UNTO THE LORD OUR GOD, WHO  
DWELLETH ON HIGH, WHO HUMBLETH HIMSELF TO BEHOLD  
THE THINGS THAT ARE IN HEAVEN, AND IN THE EARTH!"

2D DAY.

"How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God"—

"Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee."—JER. xxxi. 3.

**Everlasting Love.** HERE we have an everlasting thought of God, "in the beginning, or ever the earth was." Believer, travel back in *imagination* to the ages of the past. Before the trance of eternity was broken by any visible manifestation of power,—before one temple was erected in space,—before one angel waved his wing, or one trill was heard of seraph's song,—when God inhabited alone these sublime solitudes,—then there was a thought of *thee*, and that thought was—*Love*.

Think of the *sovereignty* of that love. He says not, 'Thou hast loved Me with thy poor earthly love, therefore have I drawn thee.' No, no! It is from nothing in thee,—no foreseen goodness on thy part. Grace is the reason of all

He has done;—"God who is rich in mercy for his great love wherewith he loved us." "I will have mercy," is His own declaration, "on whom I will have mercy." "Jacob," (that cunning, artful, crafty, designing youth,) "I have loved." Manasseh, (that miserable man who has defiled his crown, dishonoured his throne, and deluged Jerusalem with blood,) "I have loved." That malefactor,—fresh from a life of infamy, breathing out his blasphemies on a felon's cross,—"I have loved." And why, let each of us ask, am I not a Cain or a Judas? Why am I not a wrecked and stranded vessel, like thousands before me? Here is the reason; "Yea, *I* have loved *Thee*." Before thou hadst one thought of *Me*, yea, when thy thoughts were those of disaffection, rebellion, enmity,—My thoughts towards thee were *thoughts of love!*

And that Sovereign love, as it is *from* everlasting, so is it *to* everlasting,—

endless in duration,—enduring as eternity. The love of the creature is but of yesterday;—it may be gone to-morrow,—dried like a summer-brook when most needed. But the love of God is fed from the glacier summits,—the everlasting hills. We may estimate its intensity, when the Saviour could utter regarding it such a prayer as this,—“That the love wherewith Thou hast loved *Me*, may be in *them*.” Oh, amid the oft misgivings of my own doubting heart, with its frames and feelings vacillating as the shifting sand, let me delight to ponder this ‘precious thought,’—the long line of unbroken *love*—every link love—connecting the eternity that is past with the eternity to come. God thinking of me before the birth of time,—even then mapping out all my future happiness and heavenly bliss; and standing now, with the hoarded love of that eternity in His heart, seeking therewith to “draw” me.

It is "the exceeding riches of His grace in His kindness towards us through Christ Jesus,"—the moral gravitation-power of the cross,—by which His true people have ever been drawn. "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me," (John xii. 32.) Draw me, Lord, and I will run after thee. Shew me Thy loving kindness thus enshrined and manifested in Thy dear Son. Constrain me to love Thee in Him, because Thou hast *first* loved, and *so* loved, me.

"HOW EXCELLENT IS THY LOVING-KINDNESS, O GOD!  
THEREFORE THE CHILDREN OF MEN PUT THEIR TRUST UNDER  
THE SHADOW OF THY WINGS."

8D DAY.

"How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God"—

*"Thus saith the Lord, If ye can break my covenant of the day, and my covenant of the night, and that there should not be day and night in their season ; then may also my covenant be broken with David my servant."*—JER. xxxiii. 20, 21.

**A Divine Challenge.** It is remarkable how often God's revealed thoughts have for their theme the immutability of His covenant ; as if the contemplation of His own inviolable faithfulness formed the mightiest of all topics of comfort and consolation for His believing people.

Here He makes a solemn appeal to the constancy of outer nature, as a pledge and guarantee of His unchanging fidelity in spiritual things. Nothing seems so undeviating as the succession of day and night—the revolution of the seasons. The sun sinking at eventide in the golden west, and rising again like a giant refreshed. "While the earth remaineth," said the

Great Creator over His own world, as it emerged of old from the waters of the Deluge, "seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease." In our motto-verse, using human language as a vehicle of Divine thought, He makes the challenge,—'If ye can forbid that sun to rise: if ye can put drags on his burning chariot wheels, and prevent him from setting: if ye can forbid the moon to hang her silver lamp from the vault of night, or pluck the stars from their silent thrones: if ye can trans-  
pose summer's heat and winter's cold: if ye can make seed-time belie its promise to expecting autumn:—then, but not till then, shall I break my covenant with my chosen servants.' "Thus saith the Lord, If heaven above can be measured, and the foundations of the earth searched out beneath, I will also cast off all the seed of Israel, for all

that they have done, saith the Lord," (Jer. xxxi. 37.)

It is delightful thus to look around us on the steadfast and unvarying sequences in the material universe, and to regard them as sacraments of grace;—silent witnesses for the inviolability of God's word and promise. Nature, in her majestic constancy, becomes a temple filled with monuments, each bearing the inscription, "God who cannot lie." The God of nature and the God of grace are one; and He who for the last six thousand years has given such proof of unswerving faithfulness in the one economy, (for "They continue this day according to Thine ordinances,") will be equally faithful in fulfilling the more permanent provisions of the other. "Lift up your eyes to the heavens, and look upon the earth beneath; for the heavens shall vanish away like smoke, and the earth shall wax old like a gar-



ment; and they that dwell therein shall die in like manner: but my salvation shall be for ever, and my righteousness shall not be abolished," (Is. li. 6.) It is an "everlasting covenant, well ordered in all things, and sure." How can it be otherwise, seeing it is founded on the work and righteousness of Jehovah-Jesus, Immanuel—God with us. Before one provision of that covenant can fail, immutability must first become mutable, and God himself cease to be God! Standing on this "sure foundation," we can boldly utter the challenge—"Who is he that condemneth?"—not God, for "He has justified;" not Christ, for "He has died;" not angels in the heights above, not devils in the depths beneath. Universal nature, in the ceaseless hymn of her own constancy, proclaims and celebrates our covenant security and safety. Her four great evangelists, Spring, Summer,

Autumn, Winter, endorse the utterances of the inspired volume. In the mouth of the two witnesses "Day and Night," every word is established. Thus, with reference not only to the glory and wisdom and power of God, but to His purpose and promise of salvation for His people, "Day unto day uttereth speech; and night unto night sheweth knowledge."

"THE COUNSEL OF THE LORD  
STANDETH FOR EVER, THE THOUGHTS OF HIS HEART  
TO ALL GENERATIONS."

4TH DAY

"How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God"—

*"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."*—JOHN iii. 16.

**The Thought** HERE is what Cyprian  
**of Thoughts.** calls "an ocean of  
thought in a drop of  
language." Who can sound the depths  
of this "thought of God?" It will  
form the theme and the problem of eter-  
nity. Manifold other and glorious are  
His thoughts regarding His people.  
But this is the centre and focus of all,  
—around which all the others constel-  
late. It is the jewel of which all the  
others are the setting,—the thought of  
thoughts—the gift of gifts. We may  
well say, "How precious!" There is  
no measuring that love;—it defies all  
human computation. Christ himself,  
in speaking of it, can only intimate its  
indescribability. He puts the plumb-  
line into the hand, but He does not  
attempt to gauge or fathom;—all He

can say of the precious thought and the precious love is, "God so loved!" And His redeemed Church in heaven will for ever stoop over the edge of the precipice and exclaim, in the contemplation of the profound abyss, "*Thy thoughts are very deep.*"

Think of that love in the *past*;—a love so great as to put into the lips of the Eternal Father the mysterious summons, "Awake, O sword, against my shepherd, and against the man that is my fellow; smite the shepherd." The same Almighty Being is represented elsewhere as looking around,—scanning and surveying the wants of a doomed and dying world: "I looked, and there was none to help; and I wondered that there was none to uphold: therefore mine own arm brought salvation unto me." The alternative, "condemn, or not condemn," was before the Infinite mind. BUT "God sent *not* his Son into the world to *condemn* the world;

*but that the world through him might be saved."*

Think of that love when it culminated thus in its triumph on the cross. When God's "*precious thoughts*," had their awful exponent and interpreter in "*the precious blood of Christ*." Think of that moment when Infinite paternal love laid His Isaac on the altar, and the unsheathed sword descended on the priceless Sacrifice! Think of it, too, as a love evoked by rebels,—a love manifested towards the guilty and undeserving. History's noblest deed and record of love is in the self-devotion of one generous heathen, Pylades, who forfeited his life to save *his friend*;—but "*God commendeth his love toward us*, in that, while we were yet *sinners*, Christ died for us!" "You have not yet seen," says a great writer and profound thinker, "*the greatest gift of all—the HEART of God,—the love of His heart—the heart of His love.*"

THE THOUGHT OF THOUGHTS. 29

And will He, in very deed, shew us that? Yes, unveil that cross, and see. It was His only mode of shewing us His heart. It is Infinite Love labouring to reveal itself—agonising to utter the fulness of infinite love. Apart from that act, a boundless ocean of love would have remained for ever shut up and concealed in the heart of God. But now it has found an ocean-channel. Beyond this He *cannot* go. Once and for ever the proof has been given—‘God is love.’ ”

“FOR MY THOUGHTS ARE NOT YOUR THOUGHTS,  
NEITHER ARE YOUR WAYS MY WAYS, SAITH THE LORD.  
FOR AS THE HEAVENS ARE HIGHER THAN THE EARTH, SO ARE  
MY WAYS HIGHER THAN YOUR WAYS, AND MY  
THOUGHTS THAN YOUR THOUGHTS.”

## 5TH DAY.

"How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God"—

"*Why sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel, My way is hid from the Lord, and my judgment is passed over from my God? Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary?*"—ISA. xl. 27, 28.

**Tender Remonstrance.** HERE is a thought of desponding man, in contrast with a "thought of God." Nay, not only so; it is an ungrateful thought of God's own people. It is "Jacob,"—"Israel,"—who are guilty of these unworthy complainings. They question the rectitude of His dispensations. "Surely," is the language of their doubting hearts, He cannot be cognisant of our situation—our trials—our temptations—our perplexities,—otherwise He would long ere now have come to our relief;—"Surely my way is hid from the Lord, and my judgment is passed over from my God!"

So thought Gideon in his hour of faithless despondency, when Israel had

been ground down for seven years by the oppression of the Midianites: "If the Lord be with us, why then is all this befallen us?" (Judges vi. 13.) So thought David, in the wilds of Gilead, when, a broken-hearted exile, he repeated through his anguished tears the challenge of his enemies, who continually said unto him, "Where is thy God?" (Ps. xlii.) So thought Asaph in his moments of guilty unbelief, when he saw the wicked prospering and the righteous suffering. Misjudging and misinterpreting the divine procedure, "his feet were almost gone—his steps had well-nigh slipped;" he "remembered God and was troubled;" and amid the misery of unbelieving thoughts, exclaimed, "Hath God forgotten to be gracious? hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies?" (Ps. lxxiii. 2, lxxvii. 9.) So thought Martha and Mary in the extremity of their grief, after they had



sent prayer and messenger in vain, and were still left unsuccoured in their agony. They had ever fondly trusted that mighty Heart of divine tenderness. But how could they trust it now, in these mysterious moments of blank despair? If He had indeed 'loved' them and their lost one, why could Jesus, "abide two days still in the same place where He was?" could there be kindness—could there be anything but forgetfulness in this strange prolonged absence? Surely, was their hasty, unworthy surmise, our way is hid from Him, He has passed over and overlooked our case and our cause! (John xi.)

Nay, O desponding ones. "My thoughts are not your thoughts." "I am the Lord; I change not." Ye have fainted and grown weary of me; but I, the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth—have *not* fainted, and never *can* faint or

grow weary of you! Go, Gideon, on thy hero-mission, trusting in my sure word; and out of weakness thou shalt be made strong, wax valiant in fight, and turn to flight the armies of the aliens. Go, fainting pilgrim of Gilead, take down thy harp from the willows; sing the Lord's song even in that strange land, for He will soon turn for thee thy mourning into dancing, take off thy sackcloth, and gird thee with gladness. Go, mourning musician of the olden temple, "call to remembrance thy song in the night," "commune with thine own heart," and thus rebuke thy peevish murmurings,—"*This is my infirmity, but I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High.*" Go, mourning sisters of Bethany, go forth to meet the lingering steps of 'the Brother born for adversity.' Dry these unkind, distrustful tears. There are wise, though yet undeveloped reasons, which both you and

the Church will yet learn to appreciate, for these two long days of uncouraged sorrow. Imagine anything but this—"Thy God hath forsaken thee, and thy Lord hath forgotten thee!"

Believer, trust the divine faithfulness in the dark;—trust where sight and sense fail to trace. Think especially of the mighty God, yet Brother man, who hath left this last promise-legacy: "Lo, I am with you alway." He ever liveth and ever loveth;—the true Moses on the mount, whose hands never grow heavy. Oh, amid the fainting and failing of what may be dearest to you in earthly love; be this your sublime solace amid all trials and all changes: "*He* fainteth not, neither is weary."

"THOU WILT KEEP HIM IN PERFECT  
PEACE WHOSE MIND IS STAYED ON THEE; BECAUSE  
HE TRUSTETH IN THEE."

6TH DAY.

"How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God"—

*"Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust."*—Ps. ciii. 13-14.

**Paternal Pity.** WHAT feelings on earth are to be compared, in depth and intensity, to those that link a parent to his offspring? Has some member of his family been unjustly wronged? Many a man would willingly himself submit to unmerited injury and obloquy,—bear in silence the tongue of calumny and slander,—receive in silence the arrows of unkindness,—who could *not* rest thus unmoved under the affront or stigma attempted to be fastened on his child. Or does the parent see his child in suffering? He could himself bear pain with comparative equanimity; but when he sees slow, torturing disease ploughing its furrows on the young cheek, and dimming the lustre of the young eye, the

iron enters into his soul; he would gladly even risk his own life were that of his loved one endangered. Many a father has stood by an early grave, and said, through anguished tears, "Would God I had died for thee!"

Behold, in the loving pitying thoughts and tender pitying deeds of the *earthly* parent, a picture and symbol, O believer, of God's thoughts and God's love to thee. Nay, He identifies Himself with the sufferings and wrongs of His children. Injure them, and you injure Him. He that toucheth them toucheth the apple of His eye. He says, as David said to Abiathar, "Abide with me, for he that seeketh *THY* life, seeketh *MY* life; but with me thou shalt be in safeguard."

When and where does this pitying love of God begin? "And when he was yet a *great way off*, his father saw him," (Luke xv. 20.) God's thoughts of pity were upon us when we had not

a thought of pity on ourselves. And at this hour, too, is He pitying us; in our weakness, our sorrows, our temptations, our difficulties, our perplexities. Many an earthly father can make little allowance for the weakness and feebleness of his offspring. Not so our heavenly Father. "He remembereth" [how precious this "thought of remembrance"] "that we are dust." When Job was greatly perplexed and downcast by the bitter reflections of his adversaries, this was his comfort—"But *He* knoweth the way that I take." See how these same thoughts of pitying love, like the ivy clasping the battered ruin, cling even round His wayward, backsliding children—"Is Ephraim my dear son? is he a pleasant child? for since I spake against him, I do earnestly remember him still: therefore my bowels are troubled for him; I will surely have mercy upon him, saith the Lord," (Jer. xxxi. 20.) Oh, blessed

assurance, this great Being loves me, pities me—pities me and loves me even in the midst of truant forgetfulness, ungrateful wandering,—calls me His “son.” I have in Him a love in which fatherhood, brotherhood, sisterhood, are all combined.

Arise, go to thy Father! He is waiting and willing to welcome thee to His embrace. He asks elsewhere, in a passage which touchingly describes His thoughts (His loving, *paternal* thoughts) at work,—“How shall I put thee among the children?” (Jer. iii. 19.) The gospel plan of salvation has answered that question,—solved that Divine problem of parental love. Jesus has opened a way of access to the heavenly household,—served us heirs to all these precious thoughts of a Father’s heart. Seated under Calvary’s cross, we can exclaim in grateful transport—

“BEHOLD WHAT MANNER OF LOVE  
THE FATHER HATH BESTOWED ON US, THAT WE SHOULD  
BE CALLED THE SONS OF GOD.”

7TH DAY.

"How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God"—

"I have seen his ways, and will heal him: I will lead him also, and restore comforts unto him and to his mourners."—ISA. lvii. 18.

**Comfort for Bereaved.** WE have here the utterance of God's thoughts to the bereft mourner.

He who looked down of old on bondaged Israel, and thus unlocked the thoughts of His heart, "*I know their sorrows*"—He who, in a later age, watched from the mountain-side the frail bark tossed in the midst of Tiberias, and hastened to the rescue of faithless disciples,—says to each poor afflicted one, 'My thoughts are upon thee. I have appointed thy trial. I have decreed that early, or that unlooked-for grave. Let faith trust me in this dark hour, when fainting human nature may fail to comprehend the mystery of my dealings.'

The successive clauses of this verse form a beautiful gradation. God "sees,"



He "heals," He "leads," He "comforts!" *He sees.* He knows all my case, my character, my circumstances. He alone can judge as to the "needs-be" of trial. He has some wise reason for His discipline. *He heals.* He comes with the balm of His own heavenly consolation. When the wave of sorrow has answered the end for which it was sent, He says, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther!" *He leads.* He does not inflict the heavy blow, and then forsake. He does not leave the shorn lamb to the untempered winds of trial. "The Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in drought;"—*guidance* and *provision*, the two pilgrim wants; and that, too, "in drought," when the world's provisions fail! *He comforts.* The mother's love for her child is manifested, not at the moment only when it receives some severe injury,—but in the subsequent nights of patient, ten-

der nursing, and unwearied watchfulness. "As one whom *his mother* comforteth, so," says God, "will I comfort you!" In the hour of sorrowing bereavement many a precious revelation is made of a before unknown or hidden God. In wrestling like Jacob with the covenant Angel, the soul is often brought to feel for the first time, in that struggle-hour, His touch;—the consciousness of a *Presence*, before dimly recognised, but now *felt*. Like 'Israel,' we may go 'halting' to our graves. But the place of affliction is called by us to the last "*Peniel*;" for there "we saw God face to face;" and from that hour we have journeyed on, sorrowful, yet alway rejoicing. Let us cleave to this thought of sustaining comfort. Other thoughts of other hearts may have perished. Others that were wont to think of us, and to interchange thoughts with us, may now only greet us with mute smiles from their portraits on the

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wall. The parent's arms that comforted us may be mouldering in the dust. The brook that once sang along its joyous music may be silent and still;—we gaze upon a dry and waterless channel. But '*Jehovah liveth!*' Towards the mourner there is ONE heart ever throbbing with thoughts of unalterable love. Weeping one! thou canst say, in the midst even of intensest solitude, and through anguished tears—

"I AM POOR AND NEEDY, YET THE LORD THINKETH  
UPON ME."

8TH DAY.

"How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God"—

"I, even I, am he that blotteh out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins."—ISA. xliii. 25.

**A Gracious Pardon.** "I, EVEN I,"—the Great, the Pure, the Holy, the Righteous God! Surely if there be one way more than another, in which God's thoughts are not as man's thoughts, it is this,—pardoning the rebel, welcoming the undeserving, *forgiving* and *forgetting*. How we remember the sins and the failings of others. How we harbour the recollection of ingratitude or unkindness. We say, "I forgive, but I cannot forget." God does both. Forgiveness is with Him no effort; it is a delight;—"The Lord is well pleased for His righteousness' sake," (Isa. xlii. 21.) "I, even I,"—the God who for weeks and months, and, it may be, years, we have been wearying with our iniquities,—whose Book of Remembrance is crowd-

ed with the record of our guilt,—“I, even I,” the very Being who has registered that guilt, is ready to take the recording pen and erase the pages thus blotted with transgression !

How can He thus forgive ? How can the God who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, cancel the handwriting that is against us in these volumes of transgression, so that they are remembered no more ? It is through the atoning work of Jesus. “The Son of man hath power to forgive sins.” He shed His precious blood that He might have a right to say, “Your sins, which are many, are all forgiven you.” What a complete erasure ! Crimson sins, scarlet sins ; sins against grace, and love, and warning, and privilege ;—see them all cast into the depths of the sea, never again to be washed on shore ! “Whatsoever our guiltiness be,” says Rutherford, “yet when it falleth into the sea of God’s mercy, it is but like a drop

of blood fallen into the great ocean.”  
“The ancients said there was nothing so pure as snow. But we know of something purer, a human soul washed in the blood of Christ.”—(*The Victory Won*)

What is the impelling motive with God in so wondrous a forgiveness as this? It is, it can be, nothing He sees in *us*. No repentance, however sincere; no good works, however imposing or splendid. It is His own free sovereign grace. “For mine own sake!” “Thus saith the Lord God, I do not this for your sakes, O house of Israel; but for mine holy name’s sake.” If He had meted out retribution in proportion to our deserts, His thoughts towards us must have been of evil, not of peace;—our blood would, long ere now, have been mingled with our sacrifices. But He is God, and not man. “It is of the Lord’s mercies that we are not consumed.” “O Israel thou hast



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has been discharged—the wages paid. He makes it an argument for immediate return and acceptance, “*I have* blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins; return unto me; for *I have* redeemed thee,” (Isa. xliv. 22.)

“WHAT SHALL WE THEN SAY TO THESE THINGS? IF GOD BE  
FOR US, WHO CAN BE AGAINST US?”

9TH DAY.

"How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God"—

*"I will instruct thee, and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye."*—Ps. xxxii. 8.

**Almighty Guidance.** No more precious assurance can I have, than this, that I am under the constant, loving guidance of my heavenly Father;—that He appoints the bounds of my habitation, and overrules all events for my good;—that my whole life is a plan arranged by Him. Every little apparent contingency, as well as every momentous turn and crisis-hour, forms part of that plan—a '*thought of God.*' "He PONDERETH all our goings," (Prov. v. 21.) "A man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps," (Prov. xvi. 9.)

"I will *instruct* thee and *teach* thee." How patiently does this almighty Preceptor train, and with what infinite wisdom and tenderness does He adapt His varied teachings to the wants and

requirements of His people! It is "line upon line;"—if need be, cross upon cross—trial upon trial. Or it may be that startling providences are no longer required;—the gentle indications of His will are enough;—"I will guide thee with mine eye." The earthquake—the hurricane—the wind—the fire, may now have fulfilled their mission. "The still, small voice" is sufficient.

And how does He promise to teach and to guide? Not in the way that we would *like* to go,—the way of our own choosing,—but "the way which thou *shalt* go." Often we would decide on pursuing the sunny highway;—God says, 'the rough mountain-track.' Often we would, like Israel, take the near road to Canaan by the land of the Philistines,—God's pillar-cloud decides otherwise, and takes us a circuitous route "by the way of the wilderness." Often we would prefer, like the disciples at Tiberias, the safe

path by the sea-shore, so as to avoid the gathering storm, "for the wind is contrary,"—God says, "No." He constrains us to get into the ship.

It is not for us to question His procedure. He led His people of old—He leads them still—by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation. There is a day coming when, in the words of St Augustine, "both vessel and cargo safe, and not a hair of our heads hurt, we reach the haven of our desire," we shall own the wisdom of every earthly lesson, the "needs-be" of every wave in the troubled sea. The gardener has occasionally to subject his plants to apparently rough usage,—cutting, lopping, mutilating,—reducing them to unsightly shapes before they burst into flower:—summer, however, ere long, vindicates the wisdom of his treatment, in its festoons and clusters of varied fragrance and beauty. So also, at times, does our heavenly Husbandman see

meet to use His pruning-knife. But be assured there is not one superfluous or redundant lopping. We shall understand and own an infinitely wise necessity for all, when the plant has unfolded itself into the full flower, bathed in the tints and diffusing the fragrance of heaven.

Believer, go up and on thy way, rejoicing in the teaching and guidance of unerring Wisdom—"I will guide thee with mine eye." The sleepless eye of Israel's unslumbering Shepherd is upon thee by day and by night—in sickness and in health—in joy and in sorrow—in life and in death. "Doth not he that *pondereth* the heart consider it; and he that keepeth thy soul, doth not he know it?" (Prov. xxiv. 12.)

"BEHOLD, THE EYE OF THE LORD IS UPON  
THEM THAT FEAR HIM,  
UPON THEM THAT HOPE IN HIS MERCY "

10TH DAY.

"How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God"—

"*Fear not, thou worm Jacob, . . . I will help thee, saith the Lord, and thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel.*"—  
ISA. xli. 14.

Help for the  
Feeble.

"WORM Jacob!" what weakness, insignificance, unworthiness! Yet it is this helpless, grovelling "worm," that occupies 'the thoughts of God,'—receives His sympathy, and has the assurance of His almighty aid.

Believer, beaten down it may be with a great fight of affliction, or trembling under a sense of thine unworthiness and guilt,—mourning the coldness of thy faith, the lukewarmness of thy love, the frequency of thy backslidings, the fitfulness of thy best purposes, and the feebleness of thy best services;—thy God draws nigh to *thee*.—He remembers that though thou art a worm, still thou art "worm *Jacob*,"—His own beloved, covenant one; and He tells that the thoughts which He thinks towards

thee, are "thoughts of peace, and not of evil." Mark His message of comfort, "*Fear not.*" His promise, "*I will help thee.*" The guarantee which He gives for the fulfilment of that promise,—it is His own great name; "*saith the Lord, thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel.*"

"By whom shall Jacob arise?" says the prophet Amos, "for he is small." We have here an answer. He shall rise by the might of His covenant God,—the God who has given JESUS as a pledge for the bestowment of all other blessings. "*I will help thee!*" Yes, poor, weak, trembling one, "Jehovah,"—"thy Redeemer,"—"the Holy One of Israel,"—in other words, Omnipotence, Love, Righteousness, are embarked on thy side, and pledged for thy salvation. He loves to draw nigh to His people in the extremity of their weakness. "He will not break the bruised reed, He will not quench the smoking flax." Man would do so.



Man would often crush the writhing worm under his feet,—bid the trembling penitent away; but He whose thoughts are not as our thoughts, says, “Neither do I condemn thee.” “He shall deliver the needy when he crieth, *the poor also, and him that hath no helper,*” (Ps. lxxii. 12.) “All ye the seed of Jacob, glorify him; and fear him, all ye the seed of Israel. For he hath not despised nor abhorred the affliction of the afflicted, neither hath he hid his face from him; but when he cried unto him, he heard,” (Ps. xxii. 23, 24.) Listen to the testimony of one such lowly suppliant,—“I called upon thy name, O Lord, out of the low dungeon. . . . Thou drewest near in the day that I called upon thee: thou saidst, Fear not,” (Lam. iii. 55.)

Seek to be humble. It is to the humble God ‘giveth grace.’ He perfects strength in weakness. “When the high cedars,” says Philip Henry,

"tumble down, the shrubs are safe."  
"When I am weak," says the great apostle, "then am I strong." Worm Jacob, the halting cripple of Peniel, was made strong in the moment of his apparent weakness. He received a new name;—"as a prince, he had power with God, and prevailed." Be it mine to go in the strength of the Lord God. "I will help thee," is enough for all the emergencies of the present, and all the contingencies of an untried, and, it may be, a dark future.

"HAPPY IS HE THAT HATH THE  
GOD OF JACOB FOR HIS HELP, AND WHOSE HOPE  
IS IN THE LORD HIS GOD."

11TH DAY.

"How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God"—

*"I form the light, and create darkness: I make peace, and create evil. I the Lord do all these things."*—ISA.  
xlv. 7.

**Sovereignty.** WHAT a sad world this would be, were it governed by Fate. Were its blended lights and shadows, its joys and sorrows, the result of capricious accident—blind and wayward chance! How blessed to think that each separate occurrence that befalls me is "a thought of God,"—the fulfilment of His own immutable purpose. Is it the outer material world? It is He who "forms the light and creates darkness;"—who appoints the sun and moon for their seasons;—who gives to the sea its decree;—who watches the sparrow in its fall—tends the lily in the field—and paints the tiniest flower that blossoms in the meadow. Is it the moral world? All events are predetermined and pre-arranged by Him. It is He who

makes peace and creates evil. Prosperity and adversity are His appointment. The Lord who of old prepared the gourd, prepared also the worm. He gives and He takes away. He moulds every tear. He "puts them into His bottle," (Ps. lvi. 8.) He knows them all, counts them all, treasures them all. Not one of them falls unbidden—unnoted. "The lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord." Over every occurrence in nature and in providence He writes, "I the Lord do all these things."

True, His thoughts are often mysterious, His ways past finding out. We are led at times, amid the bewildering mazes of His providential dealings, to exclaim, "O Lord, how great are thy works, and thy THOUGHTS are very deep!" Be it ours to defer our verdict till their full development. We cannot divine the thoughts and intents of the

architect or engineer in the first clearing of the ground for the foundation of some gigantic structure. The uninitiated eye can discover nothing but deep unsightly scars, or piles of unshapely rubbish—a chaos of confusion. But gradually, as week by week passes, we see his thoughts moulding themselves into visible and substantial shapes of order and beauty; and when the edifice at last stands before us complete, we discern that all which was mystery and confusion at first, was a necessary part and portion of the undertaking. So is it, at present, regarding “the thoughts of God.” Often, in vain, do we try to comprehend the purposes of the Almighty Architect amid the dust and *débris* of the earthly foundations. Let us wait patiently till we gaze on the finished structure of eternity.

Oh, blessed assurance,—‘precious thought’ of God,—that the loom of life is in the hands of the Great Artificer;

that it is He who is interweaving the threads of existence, the light and the dark, the acknowledged good and the apparent evil. The chain of what is erroneously called "destiny," is in His keeping. He knows its every connecting link ;—He has forged these on His own anvil. Man's purposes have failed, and are ever liable to fail ;—his brightest anticipations may be damped ;—his best-laid schemes may be frustrated. Life is often a retrospect of crushed hopes,—the bright rainbow-hues of morning passing in its afternoon into damp mist and drizzling rain. "Many are the thoughts in a man's heart," (which know no fulfilment nor fruition,) "but the counsel of the Lord, that shall stand."

"YEA, BEFORE THE DAY WAS I AM HE; AND  
THERE IS NONE THAT CAN DELIVER OUT OF MY HAND:  
I WILL WORK, AND WHO SHALL LET IT?"

12TH DAY.

"How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God"—

*"The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty; he will save, he will rejoice over thee with joy; he will rest in his love; he will joy over thee with singing."*—ZEPH. iii. 17.

**Divine Joy.** WONDROUS 'thought of God!'—God resting in His love;—His love not for unsinning angels, but for fallen, redeemed man! The idea is, the joy and satisfaction of one reposing after the completion of some arduous work. God rested at creation,—He rejoiced with joy over a new-born world. But this was a feeble type of His complacent rest and rejoicing over the new-born ransomed soul. There is a beautiful sequence in the verse. It rises to a climax. First, God "saves." Then He "rejoices." Then He "rests," (the contemplative rest of joy.) Then, as if this were not enough, He joys over His people "with singing." Like an earthly warrior—first, the victory; then, the shout of joy;

then the calm survey of the field of conquest; then the hymn of triumph.

He "*rests* in His love!" Love with God is a *disposition*. One may, from impulse, perform an act of love. Momentary feeling and emotion, even in the case of a naturally unloving heart, may prompt to some deed of generosity and kindness. But God's nature and His name being love, with Him there can be nothing fitful, arbitrary, capricious. His love is no wayward inconstant stream; but a deep, quiet, ever-flowing, overflowing river. Your best earthly friend a word, a look, may alienate and estrange;—the Friend of friends is immutable. Oh, how intense must that love be for the guilty and the lost which is thus spoken of by the lips of Divine filial love:—"THEREFORE," says Jesus, "doth my Father love me, *because* I lay down my life for the sheep."

"He will joy over thee with sing-



ing." "As the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee," (Isa. lxii. 5.) The returning prodigal is met, not only with the tear and the grasp of parental forgiveness; but high festival is kept within these paternal halls:—"It is meet that WE should make merry and be glad." The gladdest countenance in that scene of joy is not that of the haggard wanderer, but that of the rejoicing father, exulting over his "lost and found." "There is joy in heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth;"—but it is a joy which, though spreading through the concentric ranks, and reaching to the very circumference of glory, is deepest in the centre. It begins at the throne;—the key-note of that song is struck by God Himself! So also in the parable of the lost sheep. See how Christ speaks, as if He had all the joy to Himself of that wanderer's re-

turn;—"He lays it on his shoulders *rejoicing*," and says, "*Rejoice with me*," (Luke xv. 6.) The joy of His people is part of His own;—"These things have I spoken unto you, that *my* joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full," (John xv. 11.)

"God is in the midst of thee;" "He is mighty;" "He will save." What more does any poor sinner need than this,—a *present* God, a *mighty* God, a *Saviour*-God? *Able* to save, *willing* to save—nay, more, *delighting* to save. "The Lord taketh *pleasure* in them that fear him."

"SINCE THOU WAST PRECIOUS IN MY SIGHT, THOU HAST BEEN  
HONOURABLE, AND I HAVE LOVED THEE."

13TH DAY.

"How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God"—

*"My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness."*—2 COR. xii. 9.

**Sufficient** THE apostle's 'thoughts'  
**Grace.** were desponding ones, when  
his God whispered in his  
ear this precious thought of comfort.  
A thorn in the flesh—a messenger from  
Satan—had been sent to buffet him. We  
know not specially what this thorn may  
have been. It is purposely left inde-  
terminate, that each may make an in-  
dividual application to his own case  
and circumstances.

But who, in their diversified and  
chequered experience, has not to tell  
of some similar trial?—some crook in  
their lot—some dead fly in life's other-  
wise fragrant ointment;—some sorrow  
which casts a softened shadow over per-  
haps an otherwise sunny path? In-  
firm health, insidious disease, worldly  
loss, domestic anxiety, family bereave-

ment, the discharge of arduous and painful duty, the treachery of tried and trusted friends, the sting of wounded pride or disappointed ambition, the fierce struggle with inward corruption and unmortified sin, the scorpion-dart of a violated and accusing conscience; the world all the time, perhaps little knowing or dreaming of the inward conflict, the life-long trial, the fountain of tears, though "a fountain sealed." As the apostle earnestly entreated that his thorn might be taken away; so may you, reader, also have prayed fervently and long, that your trial might be averted, your sorrow mitigated, if not removed; and you doubtless imagine that it were better far, were this messenger of Satan, this spirit of evil exorcised and cast out. But here again, God's thoughts are often not our thoughts. What was the answer to the apostle's earnest petition when "he besought the Lord

*thrice.*" It was not granting the removal of the *trial*;—but it was better. It was the promise of grace to bear it. "And he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee." It was enough; he asked no more. He may have demurred at first to the strange answer,—so unlike what he expected, so unlike what he wished. But he was led ere long, not only joyfully to acquiesce, but heartily to own and acknowledge the higher and better wisdom of the Divine procedure. "Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me."

This, too, may be God's dealings with you. Often and again, it may be, have you taken your hidden sorrow—the burdening secret of your heart—laid it on the mercy-seat, and with importunate tears implored that it might be taken away. The sorrow still remains! But, nevertheless, remember, the prayer is *not* unanswered.

It *has* been answered ;—not perhaps according to your thoughts or desires, but according to the better thoughts and purposes of your heavenly Father. The thorn is still left to pierce and lacerate ; *but*, strength has been given to bear it. The trial, be what it may, has taught you, as it did Paul, the lesson of your own weakness and your dependence on Divine aid. It has been a needful drag on your chariot wheels,—a needful clipping of your wings,—lest, like the great apostle, “ye should be exalted above measure.” Who can grudge the heaviest of sorrows if they have thus been the means alike of discovering to us our own weakness, and of endearing to us the all sufficient grace of a Saviour God ?

Blessed, comforting assurance, “in all time of our need,” that God will deal out the requisite grace. Seated by us like a physician, with His hand on our pulse, He will watch our weak-

ness, and accommodate the supply to our several wants and circumstances. He will not allow the thorn to pierce too far;—He will not allow the temptation to go beyond what we are able to endure. “The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation,” (2 Pet. ii. 9.) “As thy day is so shall thy strength be.” Grace “sufficient” will be given,—sufficient for every emergency. His arms are ever lower than our troubles. I will go forth bearing my cross, fortified with the assurance, and breathing the prayer, “Thy God hath commanded thy strength. Strengthen O God, that which thou hast wrought for us,” (Ps. lxviii. 38.)

“FEAR THOU NOT; FOR I AM WITH THEE:  
BE NOT DISMAYED; FOR I AM THY GOD: I WILL  
STRENGTHEN THEE; YEA, I WILL HELP THEE; YEA, I WILL  
UPHOLD THEE WITH THE RIGHT HAND OF MY  
RIGHTEOUSNESS.”

## 14TH DAY.

"How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God"—

"For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee."—ISA. liv. 10.

**Covenant Faithfulness.** THE mountains are the most stable objects in the material world,—nature's noblest emblem of immutability. But these have "*change*" written upon their stupendous brows. Time is furrowing them with wrinkles,—wearing down their colossal forms. Atmospheric influences are subjecting them to continual waste and decay. The hoary-crowned Alp is included in the doom, "All these things shall be dissolved." But, more enduring than mountains of primeval granite is God's kindness. Whatever is dearest to us *may* change—and sooner or later *must* perish. The gourd we have lovingly nurtured and tended may wither, like Jonah's, just when most needed. The gold we have



taken a life-time to amass, may be forfeited by one adverse turn of capricious fortune. The brook which for long years has sung its joyful way at our side, may be dried in its channel. The "staff and beautiful rod" which blossomed in our household may be broken, and strewed in withered leaves at our feet. The cistern—hewn with such pains—may be fractured by a stroke of the chisel while hewing it, and lie scattered on the ground in fragments of shapeless ruin. But God's love is immutable and immovable! Mark the succession of golden links—"precious thoughts," in our motto-verse. He speaks of the "covenant,"—"the covenant of peace,"—of "*my* peace"—a covenant not to be "removed." These are glorious guarantees. Mountains, rocks, forests, all *may* decay and *will* decay; but "the Lord liveth"—"His years shall have no end;"—"The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting, upon

them that fear him." Nothing can assail the believer's safety or undermine his security. The oriental shepherds were wont to girdle their flocks and folds with a belt of fire, to scare away the devouring wolves. 'I,' says God to His Zion, and to each child of Zion, '*I* will be that fiery defence. This covenant of my peace will be as a wall of flame;—once within my fold thou art safe for ever. My sheep *shall* never,—*can* never, perish.' "Our cause," says Luther, "is in the very hands of Him who can say with unimpeachable dignity, 'No one shall pluck it out of my hands.' I would not have it in our hands, and it would not be desirable that it were so. I have had many things in my hands, and I have lost them all; but whatever I have been able to place in God's hands, I still possess." "A : soon might Satan," says Charnock, "pull God out of heaven, undermine the security of Christ, and tear Him from

the bosom of the Father, as deprive His people of their spiritual life."

Believer, rejoice in this faithful, covenant-keeping God. Anchor your soul on this Rock of the Divine veracity. The great adversary may try at times to impair your confidence—shake your trust—lead you to question your personal interest in the great salvation. But what are his negatives, to one affirmative of that God who cannot lie? His covenant of peace has something better than your own ever-fluctuating frames and feelings to rest upon. It is ratified by His own oath and promise. "The counsel of the Lord standeth for ever; the thoughts of his heart to all generations."

**"AS THE MOUNTAINS ARE ROUND ABOUT JERUSALEM,  
SO DOETH THE LORD COMPASS HIS PEOPLE FROM HENCEFORTH  
AND FOR EVER."**

15TH DAY.

*"How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God"—**"As many as I love I rebuke and chasten."—REV. iii. 19.**"I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction."—ISA. xlviii. 10.*

**Chastening** Do the well-known tones  
**Jacob.** of a mother's voice hush  
 the child asleep that has  
 been startled from its couch by unquiet  
 dreams? These two "thoughts of God"  
 —the voice of our heavenly Parent—  
 may well lull our tossed spirits to rest,  
 and lead us to pillow our heads in con-  
 fiding acquiescence in His holy will.

There are times, indeed, when, de-  
 spite of better convictions and a truer  
 philosophy, our own thoughts are  
 mingled with guilty doubts—unworthy  
 surmises—regarding the rectitude of the  
 Divine dealings. We are led to say or  
 to think with aged Jacob, "All these  
 things are against me;"—there can be  
 no kindness or faithfulness, surely, in  
 such a sorrow as this! "Yes," is the  
 reply of the Divine Chastener, "that

trial, with all its apparent severity, is a thought of my love—a proof, and pledge of my interest in thy wellbeing. In these fierce furnace-fires I have chosen thee;—in these I will keep thee;—from these, I will bring thee forth a vessel refined and fitted for the Master's use.” “That this affliction is unspeakable love,” says one who could write from the depths of experience, “I have no doubt; because He who has sent it is no new Friend, but a tried and a precious One.” — (*Lady Powerscourt's Letters.*) “The afflictions with which we are visited,” says another, “are so many notes in which God says, ‘I have not forgotten you.’” He sits, as refiner of His own furnace, tempering the fury of the flames. The *human* parent, in meting out chastisement, may act at times capriciously, guided by wayward impulse; “but He for our profit, that we may be made partakers of His holiness,” (Heb. xii. 10.) Rather, surely, the

acutest discipline, the hardest strokes of the rod, than to be left unchecked and unreclaimed in our career of worldliness, forgetfulness, and sin ;—God uttering that severest word, “Why should ye be stricken any more? ye will [only] revolt more and more,” (Isa. i. 5.) As if He had said, “Why should I any longer ‘think’ of you, or attempt to reclaim you? My warnings and remonstrances are in vain ;—I will return to my place ;—I will ‘give you up.’ ” Oh, most fearful of chastisements ;—when God’s loving thoughts, and patient thoughts, and forbearing thoughts are exhausted, and when our stubborn unbelief brings Him to utter the doom of abandonment.

Tried one, recognise henceforth, in thy sorest afflictions, a Father’s rod,—hear in them a Father’s voice,—see in each what will invest them with a halo of subdued glory, a mysterious, it may be, but yet a ‘precious

thought' of God, and that thought kindness and mercy. That loss of worldly substance—it was *a thought of God*. That withering disappointment, the blighting of young hope—it was *a thought of God*. That protracted sickness, that wasting disease—it was *a thought of God*. The smiting of that clay idol—it was *a thought of God*. This is surely enough to wake up the tuneless broken strings of thy heart to melody,—“Whom the Lord *loveth* he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.” He is never so nigh to thee as in a time of trial ;—never does He so reveal His heart as then. Electricity brings the thoughts of earth near: but trial is the wire on which ‘the thoughts of God’ travel to the smitten spirit, and every message is *a thought of love*.

“I WILL BE GLAD AND REJOICE IN THY MERCY:  
FOR THOU HAST CONSIDERED MY TROUBLE; THOU HAST  
KNOWN MY SOUL IN ADVERSITIES.”

16TH DAY.

"How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God"—

*"How shall I give thee up, Ephraim? how shall I deliver thee, Israel? how shall I make thee as Admah? how shall I set thee as Zeboim? mine heart is turned within me, my repentings are kindled together. I will not execute the fierceness of mine anger, I will not return to destroy Ephraim: for I am God, and not man."*—Hos. xi. 8, 9.

**Long-Suffering** WHAT a tender unfolding of the heart of  
**Patience.** God is here! It is the yearning thought of the fondest of Fathers over a nation of wayward prodigals. How grievous had been their ingratitude. He speaks in the beginning of the chapter of His loving thoughts to Israel "when a child," (ver. 1.)—His specially gentle upbringing of Ephraim, even "as a nurse cherisheth her children;"—"I taught Ephraim also to go, taking them by their arms. I drew them with cords of a man, with bands of love" (ver. 3, 4.) Yet what is the requital for all this lavish, endearing tenderness? "My



people are bent to backsliding from me," (ver. 7.)

Surely the next entry in the Divine record will be the sentence of righteous retribution,—“Ephraim is joined to his idols, let him alone.” Nay! it is a burst of fond parental love; such as, at times, is dimly pictured on earth, when we see a mother with breaking heart and eyes dim with weeping, locking in her embrace the prodigal boy who has wounded her, embittered her existence, and scorned her tears.

Listen to the tender apostrophe,—“How shall I give thee up, Ephraim? how shall I deliver thee, Israel?” (give thee over, that is, to the vengeance of the enemy.) He remembers “the cry” of Sodom and Gomorrah of a former age, and “their sin, which was very grievous.” The iniquity of Israel and Ephraim can be compared in turpitude only to that of these inhabitants of

the plain, on whom "the Lord rained brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven," (Gen. xix. 24.) Admah and Zeboim were two adjoining cities in the Valley of Sodom which were involved in this terrible overthrow. "How," says He, "shall I make thee as Admah? how shall I set thee as Zeboim?"—and then, when He sums up with the declaration, "I will not return to destroy Ephraim," He gives as the reason—"for I am God, and not man!"

Yes, truly, Thy thoughts, O God, are not as man's thoughts; Thy ways are not as man's ways; had they been so, long ere now how many of us would have been "given up," and had executed against us the guilty cumberer's doom;—the God we have so often grieved and provoked by our obstinacy and rebellion, swearing in His wrath that "we should never enter into His rest." But, for all this, His anger *is*

turned away from us ; His hand of mercy *is* outstretched still ! Well may we say, with the stricken monarch of Israel, "Let us fall now into the hand of the Lord, for *His* mercies are great, and let me not fall into the hand of *man*," (2 Sam. xxiv. 14.)

Backslider, return ! Though thou mayest have tried the patience of thy God by years of provocation, yet He still "keeps silence ;" He waits to be gracious ; He is not willing that any should perish. Let His goodness and patience, His tenderness and long-suffering, lead thee to repentance.

Trembling penitent,—bowed down under a sense of thy base ingratitude, thy prolonged alienation,—fearful lest a guilty past may have cut thee off from the hope of pardoning mercy,—return ! Thou art saying, perchance, in the bitter reproach of self-abandonment and despair, "I am given up ;"—"I am delivered over to the tyranny of my

spiritual enemies; — the Lord *hath* cast off for ever, He can be favourable no more!’ Nay; hear His wondrous, precious thoughts,—the musings of that Infinite Heart thou hast wounded, “How shall I give thee up? Man would crush his enemy, but I am God, and not man. I will not destroy, I will save.” “Behold,” He says in another place, “thou hast spoken and done evil things as thou couldest,” (that is, they could not have been worse,) “yet, *return unto me!*” (Jer. iii. 5.)

“RETURN, YE BACKSLIDING CHILDREN, AND I WILL HEAL  
YOUR BACKSLIDING.”

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*my strength*, that he may make *peace* with me."

Who is "*the Strength of God?*" Let Scripture answer:—"Let thy hand be upon the man of thy right hand, upon the Son of man whom thou madest *strong* for thyself," (Ps. lxxx. 17.) Christ is "*the Power of God*,"—"the Daysman betwixt us, who has laid his hand upon us both," (Job ix. 33.) He, too, is "*our peace*." "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God." 'Peace,' 'not as the world giveth,' was His parting, special legacy. It is a sure and well-grounded peace, purchased by His atoning blood, and secured and perpetuated by His continual intercession. Hence the gracious Proposer of reconciliation adds the assurance—"And he SHALL make peace with me." It is a glorious certainty. Take hold of that arm, and salvation is sure. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou *shalt* be saved." A

avermment, "*and that will by no means clear the guilty,*" (Exod. xxxiv. 6, 7.) Oh, most solemn, most terrible 'thought' to those who are still as "thorns and briers against Him in battle,"—who are still enemies by nature and wicked works. They cannot escape His wrath. They cannot elude His righteous retribution. If they continue in sin, they can know only in their bitter experience "what a fearful thing it is to fall into the hands of the living God." "He will burn them up together." He is to all such "a consuming fire."

But our motto-verse contains a wondrous alternative of mercy. At the very moment when sinners are rushing with blind madness against the thick bosses of Jehovah's buckler,—He whom they have made their enemy has a 'thought' in His heart of loving reconciliation. Listen to the gracious proposal:—"OR, let him take hold of

*my strength*, that he may make *peace* with me."

Who is "*the Strength of God?*" Let Scripture answer:—"Let thy hand be upon the man of thy right hand, upon the Son of man whom thou madest *strong* for thyself," (Ps. lxxx. 17.) Christ is "*the Power of God*,"—"the Daysman betwixt us, who has laid his hand upon us both," (Job ix. 33.) He, too, is "*our peace*." "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God." 'Peace,' 'not as the world giveth,' was His parting, special legacy. It is a sure and well-grounded peace, purchased by His atoning blood, and secured and perpetuated by His continual intercession. Hence the gracious Proposer of reconciliation adds the assurance—"And he SHALL make peace with me." It is a glorious certainty. Take hold of that arm, and salvation is sure. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou *shalt* be saved." A



present peace, a sure peace, a permanent peace,—peace now, and peace for ever. “None is able to pluck you out of His hand.”

“Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord.” “Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel, thou that leadest Joseph like a flock. . . . Stir up thy STRENGTH, and come and save us,” (Ps. lxxx. 1, 2.)

“FOR I KNOW THE THOUGHTS THAT I THINK TOWARD YOU,  
SAITH THE LORD,  
THOUGHTS OF PEACE, AND NOT OF EVIL,  
TO GIVE YOU AN EXPECTED END.”

18TH DAY.

"How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God"—

*"Therefore, behold, I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto her. And I will give her her vineyards from thence."*—Hos. ii. 14, 15.

**Tender Dealing.** "THEREFORE" has a strangely beautiful connexion in this verse. God's people had been grievously backsliding. He had been loading them with mercies;—they had been guiltily disowning His hand. They had taken the gifts and spurned the Giver. "She did not know that I gave her corn, and wine, and oil, and multiplied her silver and gold," (Hos. ii. 8.) Nay, more, she had shamelessly gone after her lovers,—she had deliberately preferred the ways of sin to the ways of God, (ver. 5.) What will His thoughts be towards this treacherous one? Can they be aught else but those of merited retribution,—casting her out, and casting her off for ever. We expect when we hear the concluding word, "therefore," that it

is the awful summing up of His controversy,—the turning of the Judge to pronounce righteous sentence. We listen,—but lo! utterances of love are the exponents of “the thoughts of God.” “Behold, I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto her, and I will give her her vineyards from thence.”

It is the way He deals with His people still. They often forget Him in the glare and glitter of prosperity. He hushes the din of the world,—takes them out into the solitudes of trial; and there,—while abased, humbled, chastened,—He unburdens in their ear His thoughts of love, forgiveness, and “comfort.” Oh, what infinite tenderness characterises the dealings of this Heavenly Chastener! How slow to abandon those who have abandoned *Him*! Every means and instrumentality is employed rather than leave them to the bitter fruits of their

own guilty estrangement. The kindest human thoughts towards an offender are harshness and severity compared with His. What were the thoughts—the deeds—of the watchmen in the Canticles towards the Bride, as she wandered disconsolate in search of her heavenly Bridegroom,—and that, too, in consequence of her own unwatchfulness and sloth? They tore off her veil. They smote her—reviled her—loaded her with reproach. But when she found her lost Lord,—though she had kept Him standing amid the cold dews of night,—*He* smites her not,—*He* upbraids her not;—no angry syllable escapes His lips. He brings her into the wilderness, and speaks comfortably unto her; and the next picture in the inspired allegory, is the restored one coming up from that wilderness “leaning on her Beloved,” (Sol. Song viii. 5.)

Reader! is God dealing with thee

by affliction? Has He blighted thy earthly hopes,—“caused thy mirth to cease,”—“destroyed thy vines and fig-trees,” (Hos. ii. 11, 12,) and made all around thee a desert? Think what it would have been, had He suffered thee to go on in thy course of guilty estrangement;—thy truant heart plunging deeper and deeper in its career of sin! Is it not mercy in Him that He has dimmed that false and deceptive glitter of earth? Thou wouldst not listen to His voice in prosperity. Thou didst take the ten thousand precious gifts of His bestowing; but there was no breathing of gratitude to the Infinite Bestower. Thou didst sit, it may be, sullen, peevish, proud, ungrateful, at the very moment when His horn of plenty was being emptied in thy lap. He has brought thee into “the wilderness.” As Jesus did with His disciples of old when He would nerve them for coming trial, He has

taken thee to "a high mountain apart,"—"a solitary place,"—apart from the world. He has there humbled thee and proved thee. He may have touched thee to the quick;—touched thee in thy tenderest point;—severed hallowed companionships,—levelled in the dust clay idols; but it was all *His* doing. "Behold, *I* will allure,"—" *I* will bring into the wilderness,"—" *I* will comfort." He leads us *into* the wilderness, and He leads us *up*, and He leads us *through*. As He gives us our comforts,—our "oil and wine," our "wool and flax," our "vines and our fig-trees,"—so when He sees meet does He take them away. Whatever be the voices He may be now addressing to me, be it mine to recognise in them the Thoughts and utterances of unalterable love, and to say—

"I WILL HEAR WHAT GOD THE LORD  
WILL SPEAK: FOR HE WILL SPEAK PEACE UNTO HIS  
PEOPLE, AND TO HIS SAINTS."

19TH DAY.

"How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God"—

*"I remember thee, the kindness of thy youth, the love of thine espousals, when thou wentest after me in the wilderness."*

—JER. ii. 2.

**A Gracious** BACKSLIDER! listen to  
**Remembrance.** this Divine retrospect,—  
a precious and encouraging 'thought' regarding thy past. This may be the present sorrowful feeling and confession of thy heart:—  
'I am not what once I was. Once I loved my God. I can revert to hallowed seasons of communion and fellowship, of which, alas! the memory is now all that remains. I once was enabled to live, somewhat, at least, under the sovereignty of that lofty motive, walking so as to please Him. But I have forsaken and forgotten my first love. I have to mourn over a treacherous, wandering heart. I am conscious of deterioration—spiritual declension. Self,—indulged sin,—permitted worldliness, in some subtle shape or form, has crept

in,—blunted the fine edge of conscience, dulled the sensibilities of my moral nature, dimmed my soul to its grander destinies, and left me to muse in my better moments, in sadness and tears, over the wreck of former joys.'

Art thou prone to feel, in this corresponding contrast between past devotedness and present faithlessness, as if the Lord's countenance and favour must be withdrawn from thee for ever;—that there can be nothing but the bitterness of an ever sadder and more hopeless estrangement?

No, no! *He* remembers *that* time,—“the kindness of thy youth,”—these early vows, that early plighted love,—the vows so poorly kept, the love so strangely diminished. While the pages of your own memory are all blurred by sin, *He* remembers the earlier entries and inscriptions of devotedness that stood on these yet unblotted leaves. He remembers the efforts (it may be



the *feeble* efforts) you made in His service,—the secret struggles in the closet, the fervid prayers and recorded vows of the sanctuary, the testimony borne for Him in the world.

How tenderly and lovingly does God deal with his backsliding children! He has no delight in reverting to their sin. He loves to exhume rather from a forgotten past, anything He sees in them worthy of commendation, even, notwithstanding much, it may be, of present frailty, inconsistency, and self-righteousness. He speaks of "my servant Job." He speaks of Lot as "that righteous man." See in the case of Peter what his Lord "remembers," when the erring disciple confronts him on the lake-shore. It is not the faithless hours of his apostolic *manhood*; but it is "the kindness of his *youth*." Not Jerusalem, with its recent Palace-hall; but Bethsaida, Capernaum, Cesarea - Philippi, and

many other scenes and associations of hallowed, devoted love. And so with us. He is willing in our case, too, to forget the long-intervening season of coldness, and distance, and alienation, if we tender the promise of renewed obedience. Yes, fearful one, take courage! Cast your eye back on those gracious seasons "when the candle of the Lord did shine, and when by His light you walked through darkness." On *that* time, which the lapse of years may have partially dimmed or obliterated, the loving thoughts of your God delight to rest. "Thou mayest have banished *me*," He seems to say, from *thy* thoughts; but I have not banished thee from mine,—"*I remember the kindness of thy youth.*"

"LET, I PRAY THEE, THY MERCIFUL KINDNESS  
BE FOR MY COMFORT,  
ACCORDING TO THY WORD UNTO THY SERVANT."

20TH DAY.

"How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God"—

"I will correct thee in measure."—JER. XXX. 11.

**Correction in Measure.** HERE is a gracious alleviating "thought of God" in a season of trial.—"I will correct thee," says He. He does not disguise that He will send affliction;—that He will subject His own people to chastisement. He knows them too well—He *loves* them too well—to allow the unbroken sunshine, the unfurrowed, waveless sea. The rough stone needs polishing,—the musical chord must be strained to give forth sweet sounds—notes of harmony;—*but* all is "in measure." Amid our tossings, night and day, on the deep of trial, how comforting the assurance, "When my spirit was overwhelmed, then *Thou* knewest my path;" (Ps. cxlii. 3.) He suits the yoke to the neck; He adapts His chastisements to the characters and

necessities, the strength and endurance of His people. All are meted out, all are weighed in the balances of undeviating rectitude. There is no needless wrinkle on any brow,—no redundant or superfluous drop in the cup of suffering. He who paints every flower and moulds every raindrop in outer nature, fashions every tear in the dimmed eye, and imparts every delicate touch and shading to grief. Fear not, Abraham! even though thine Isaac be called to the altar;—I will test, but I will not “tempt” thy faith;—I will stay my rough wind in the day of my east wind. A father *may* err—he may wear a needless frown—he may punish with undue and unnecessary severity;—“But thus saith the Lord thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel, I am the Lord thy God, which teacheth thee to *profit*, which leadeth thee by the way that thou shouldest go,” (Isa. xlviii. 17.)

'Tried one! seek that this be the end  
G

of God's present dealing, "He teacheth thee *to profit*." Too often, in seasons of sorrow, *our* great aim is to receive or impart *comfort*. That is a limited and selfish view. God has a higher end—a nobler lesson: "He for our *profit*," (Heb. xii. 10.) Trial is a season for expecting great blessings to ourselves, and for greatly glorifying God. It was from the *bruised* spices of old that the perfumed clouds of incense arose. It is the fallen, withered rose, that emits the sweetest fragrance;—the butterfly shuns it,—the bee passes it by,—the very rays of sunshine can gild it with no beauty; yet it loads the summer air with richer perfume than when it hung in full-blown glory on its parent branch. Where the lava stream once carried desolation and ruin down the mountain side, vines are often seen hanging their purple clusters; so, where the stream of sorrow once swept ruthlessly down, are there now clusters of heavenly graces—

the fruits of righteousness—to the glory and praise of God.

I may not be able at times to see the “measure” in His correction. There may, to the eye of sense, appear nothing but a capricious exercise of sovereign power. No chastening for the present may seem to be joyous but grievous, nevertheless afterward it will yield the peaceable fruit of righteousness. Oh, let me joyfully endorse every such affliction with an “*Even so, Father!*”—“not my will, but thy will.” “Who shall say nay, if eternal infinite grace shall say yea? To that yea my spirit springs forth with a hearty Amen, if it be for Thy glory, Lord; and if not, with as hearty a nay.”—(*Evans.*)

“YOUR HEAVENLY FATHER KNOWETH THAT YE HAVE  
NEED OF ALL THESE THINGS.”

21st DAY.

"How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God"—

"Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him; I will set him on high because he hath known my name."—Ps. xci. 14.

**Promised Deliberance.** HERE we have the prodigal looking and longing for a father's welcome,—the prisoner striving to break his chains and set himself free,—the wounded bird struggling in the furrow, and wailing out its plaintive note, "Oh that I might flee away, and be at rest!"

"I will deliver him," is the gracious thought and declaration of an unseen but gracious God. "Nay, not only will I 'deliver him'—save him from wrath and condemnation,—but I will 'set him on high'—I will bestow upon him exalted honours—I will adopt him as my child, and finally 'glorify him.'"

Most frequently, indeed, He delivers independently and irrespectively of any antecedent love on our part. "The gifts and calling of God are without

repentance." His grace often triumphs in the case of those who have never cast one look of love towards Him ; He "sets on high" those to whom for a whole lifetime His name has been unknown. Nevertheless, to any who may be seeking after Him, if haply they may find Him ;—to those who feel their chains, and are longing for emancipation ;—who, by reason of permitted sin or omitted duty, may be in spiritual darkness, exclaiming, in the bitterness of their estrangement, " Oh that I knew where I might find Him, that I might come even to His seat ! "—it is an encouraging thought to such, that they have His own promise of deliverance. The Believer in The Song, is beautifully likened to a dove in the clefts of the rock. The timid, fluttering, trembling wanderer is welcomed into the crevices of the Rock of Ages. He can fold his weary wing under the shadow of the Almighty ; he can find rest and peace



in the very Being whom he has offended. Yes, desponding one, He is waiting to be gracious. If thou art now casting one fond, ardent, loving look towards thy God;—if thou art cherishing one longing desire for His returning favour,—“He *will* deliver thee.” This will be thy testimony, as it has been of many—“I waited patiently for the Lord, and he inclined unto me and heard my cry. He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings.”

“What have I to do any more with idols?” was the soliloquy and resolve of penitent Ephraim, when, divorcing himself from all sinful attachments, all rival claimants for the throne of his affections, he turned his face towards his God. “I have heard him and observed him,” says the great Being who was watching the penitent’s tears, counting the throbs of his anguished spirit. And He adds the assurance of supporting

grace and strength—"I am like a green fir-tree; from me is thy fruit found."

Do I "know His name?" Acquainting myself with God, am I now at peace? Do I feel that His loving-kindness is better than life? Amid the brokenness of nature's cisterns, am I turning with earnest longing to the infinite and only satisfying fountain-head, like the hart panting for the water-brooks? All other objects of earthly love and enjoyment are perishable. But "the name of the Lord is a strong tower—the righteous runneth into it, and is safe." "Great is the blessing," says one who knew well that *name*, "that the anchor of our love is firmly fixed beneath the cross of Christ. . . . The silver cord of life may be snapped in a moment; but this is embedded in the cleft of the Rock for ever."—(*Life of Hedley Vicars.*)

"AND THEY THAT KNOW THY NAME SHALL PUT  
THEIR TRUST IN THEE."

22D DAY.

"How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God"—

*"Fear not: for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour."*—ISA. xlii. 1-8.

Thought upon WHAT a library of  
Thought. "precious thoughts!"

What an unlocking of the full heart of God do these verses contain! In reading them, we may say indeed with the Psalmist, "*Many, O Lord my God, are thy . . . thoughts* which are to us-ward." Each clause is in itself a volume. Well may the Divine speaker begin with the words, "Fear not!" These tender thoughts and tender assertions remind us of the gush of parental affection when a child is in danger or is afraid, and when its most loving earthly friend heaps assurance on assurance to quiet and lull its misgivings.

"I have *redeemed* thee," seems to

be the foundation-thought of comfort in this cluster of exceeding great and precious promises. No other blessing could have been ours but for "*Redeeming love*." And as Christ is the Alpha, so is He the Omega of all consolation. Hence this inspired register of spiritual privileges is terminated by the assurance, "I am thy *Saviour*." The pendant chain of "precious thoughts" has these two words for its support, "*Redeemer*," "*Saviour*;" and each separate link in the intermediate line of blessings is connected with Him who is the "Beginner" and "Finisher" of our faith. God, indeed, forewarns us in the diversified symbols here employed, that the trials of His people are to be varied in kind, as well as severe in degree,—"*waters*," "*rivers*," "*fires*," "*flames*." Yet we may well rise above them all, under the sublime consciousness, that the chain from first to last is in the hands of Him who died for us.

We are here further assured, not only that God is the Author of our troubles, but that He himself is *in* them all; that His 'thoughts' are upon us as we "pass" through the waters, and "walk" through the fires. He is minutely cognisant of all that befalls us; and is alike able and willing to grant us support and succour. Others cannot do so. It is in their case like watching the bursting of the distant thunder-storm, or the vessel plunging in the distant sea, without the ability to render assistance. But "Thou knowest my thoughts *afar off*." God is not only our "refuge and strength," but "a *present* help in trouble." "We went through the flood on foot, *there* did we rejoice in him."

More than this ; — He has set bounds to our trials. The rivers and streams will purify, but not overflow or overwhelm. The fires will refine, but not scorch or burn. He has too

deep an interest in those of whom He says, "I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine," to suffer our afflictions to go further than He sees to be absolutely needful. Never are His "thoughts" more fondly centred upon us than in a time of trouble. His loving presence tempers the fury of the fiercest furnace-flames;—His everlasting arms are underneath the deepest and darkest waves.

"O LORD OUR GOD, WHO IS A STRONG GOD LIKE UNTO THEE?  
THOU RULEST THE RAGING OF THE SEA :  
WHEN THE WAVES THEREOF ARISE, THOU STILLEST THEM."

23D DAY.

"How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God"—

"And I will betroth thee unto me for ever; yea, I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness, and in judgment, and in loving-kindness, and in mercies."—Hos. ii. 19.

**Everlasting** THE most endearing as  
**Espousals.** well as the most exalted  
 relationships of earth are  
 employed to illustrate and symbolise  
 God's love to His people. He is repre-  
 sented comforting as a mother, pitying  
 as a father, sympathising as a friend,  
 healing as a physician, bestowing as a  
 king. Here He is described as enter-  
 ing into everlasting espousals with His  
 Church, and with every redeemed mem-  
 ber of it;—in the depths of a past eter-  
 nity, plighting His vow to His betrothed  
 Bride,—putting the espousal-ring on  
 her finger; summoning Righteousness,  
 Judgment, Loving-kindness, and  
 Mercies, as witnesses of the august  
 ceremony, to sign and ratify the mar-  
 riage-contract.

How uncertain are earth's apparently

securest ties! Brother may be severed from brother, husband from wife, child from parent, friend from friend. But, in our union with God,—linked to Him in the bonds of the everlasting covenant,—the pang of separation can neither be felt nor feared. Age can never plough its furrows on the brow. Sickness can never blanch the cheek. Death can never unlock the fountain of tears. The grave can never close over our “loved and lost.” “I will betroth thee unto me *for ever!*”

As in the human union which here, as in other passages, is made the type and symbol of the nobler covenant, that Divine espousal is reared on the twofold basis of HONOUR and of LOVE. *Righteousness* and *Judgment*, the two representatives of God’s honour, come first; *Loving-kindness* and *Mercy* follow. It is a union founded on everlasting truth, justice, and rectitude. These attesting witnesses sign the con-



tract around the Cross of Calvary. There "mercy and truth are met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other," (Ps. lxxxv. 10.) "Christ also loved the Church, and gave himself for it." What an endless dowry did that mighty Sacrifice purchase and secure for the Bride of heaven!

Soon the festal-day shall be here; when the betrothed spouse shall be presented to the heavenly Bridegroom,—ushered into the blest pavilion of His own presence. The marriage-procession is even now on foot. The train is sweeping along to the hall of the King's palace. Righteousness, Judgment, Loving-kindness, Mercy,—these are the four torch-bearers lighting the way to the gladsome scene. Have we heard and obeyed the midnight summons, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him?"

"I AM THE LORD WHICH EXERCISE LOVING-KINDNESS,  
JUDGMENT, AND RIGHTEOUSNESS IN THE EARTH; FOR IN  
THESE THINGS I DELIGHT, SAITH THE LORD."

24TH DAY.

"How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God"—

*"I, even I, am he that comforteth you."*—ISA. li. 12.

**Wondrous Comfort.** How soothing the thought for the weary head to lean upon, that in the midst of our bitterest trials, we have the great God of heaven for our comforter! 'Dry thy tears,' He seems to say, 'I am by thy side, thou poor afflicted one; other comforts may fail thee,—other comforters may prove utterly powerless to gauge the depths of thy sorrow and to heal thine aching wounds; but I, as God, infinite in Wisdom, Omniscience, Love, know all the peculiarities of thy case; I will be to thee better than the best and tenderest of human friends. My delight is to "uphold all that fall, and to raise up all those that be bowed down." I have 'precious thoughts' reserved for the day of calamity,—thoughts that are whispered and confided into the ear only of

the sorrowful. "I, even I,"—the same hand that has wounded will bind up; the same hand that is strong to smite will be strong to save. I will give thee solaces undreamt of in the day of prosperity; songs in the night, and wells of refreshing in the valley of weeping, (Ps. lxxxiv 6.)

'Is it *sickness* that has blanched your cheek, and chained you down for weeks and months—it may be years—to a couch of pain and languishing?—"I will not leave you comfortless, I will come unto you!" Is it your *worldly schemes* that have been blighted,—moth and rust corrupting the earthly treasure?—I will give you compensating riches, beyond the spoiler's touch and the throw of capricious fortune! Is it *bereavement* that has traced lines of sadness on your brow, created vacant chairs in your household, left stript and desolate your heart of hearts? Be still. I will take the place of the

mourned. I will come and fill up these aching voids,—that yawning chasm with My own loving presence. The rill is gone, but you will have in exchange the Infinite Fountain-head! Is it *sin* that is making sad your countenance? the bitter thought of estrangement from Me whose favour alone is life? Wearied with the successive failure of all worldly sources of satisfaction and happiness, are you turning with longing, wistful gaze, like the battered flower to the sunlight, towards Myself, “the living God,” wondering if there can be peace and forgiveness for such as you? “I, even I, am he that blot-teth out your transgressions.” I will heal your backsliding, I will love you freely; for mine anger is turned away from you.’

“I, even I.” Do not doubt His ability or willingness to comfort; God is beautifully spoken of as “the God of all consolation,” “the comforter of

all that are cast down." Wide as the family of the afflicted are, He has consolations commensurate with every diversity of experience. He has a thought of comfort for every thought of sorrow. "In the multitude of the sorrows I have in my heart," says the Psalmist, "thy comforts delight my soul," (Prayer-book version.) His message to the Church of old, after burden on burden of reluctantly-spoken woe, was, "*Comfort ye, comfort ye my people,*"—(the usual Hebrew method of intensifying,) as if He wished to tell, with what delight He passed from the gloomy prophetic utterances of judgment, to the joyous promises of mercy and love.

"He doth not afflict willingly," [or, as this may be rendered literally from the Hebrew,—'He doth not afflict *with the heart,*'] "nor grieve the children of men," (Lam. iii. 33.) As if Affliction in itself were alien to the heart and the 'thoughts of God!'

And let the thought of God the Comforter be all the more precious to me, since that God is IMMANUEL — *our Brother on the throne of Heaven*. Himself once the Prince of Sufferers, He is supremely qualified, by the exquisite sensibilities of His human nature, to enter into every pang that rends the heart. "I, even I," the God-Man who shed tears over the bereaved of Bethany;—I, who welcomed weeping penitence to my feet,—I, who myself struggled with temptation, grappled with superhuman anguish, lived a life of sorrow, and died a death of shame,—I, even I,—“that same Jesus,”—am He that comforteth you.

“THOU, WHICH HAST SHEWED ME GREAT AND SORE TROUBLES, SHALT QUICKEN ME AGAIN, AND SHALT BRING ME UP AGAIN FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE EARTH.”

25TH DAY.

*"How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God"—**"For I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."—*  
HEB. viii. 12.

**Complete Forgiveness.** No thought can be more 'precious' than this,—God's thought of mercy to the unrighteous and undeserving. The consciousness of past sin lies like a cold avalanche on many a heart. "How can man be just with God?" "If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand?" "What then shall I do when God riseth up? and when he visiteth, what shall I answer him?" These are the solemn questions which, despite of all efforts to silence or evade them, are ever and anon confronting the most indifferent and unconcerned. Blessed be God, He has not left them unanswered. He *can* bestow pardon on the unrighteous, and bury the remembrance of sin in the depths of oblivion. "There *is* for-

giveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared." "With the Lord there is mercy, and with him is plenteous redemption," (Ps. cxxx. 4-7.) By a precious, peerless thought of infinite love, He has "devised means that His banished be not expelled from Him." He "spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all." The true anti-typical scape-goat has borne away the burden of imputed sin into a land of forgetfulness,—so that on that Great day "when God riseth up," "the iniquity of Judah shall be sought for, and shall not be found."

May I be enabled joyfully to accept this glorious method of salvation, by which, in strict accordance with every attribute of the Divine nature, and every requirement of the Divine law, forgiveness may be dispensed to the chief of sinners. Nothing I could do, or that others could do for me, would prove in any way availing to purchase that sal-



vation. Lebanon itself, with all its cedars piled up for altar and for fuel, and all its flocks for the sacrifice and burnt-offering, would have been an insufficient propitiation. But this 'precious thought' comes winged with love from the Cross of Calvary,—“God is in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing unto men their trespasses.” He is as able as He is willing, and as willing as He is able, to save “unto the uttermost.” Is it crimson and scarlet sins,—some deep, dark, foul blots on the tablet of memory—their terrible remembrance haunting me like spectres from the abyss?—God says, I ‘will make even these like the spotless snow and the stainless wool,’ (Is. i. 18.) What is that great mountain of transgression before the true Zerubbabel, the storms of judgment brooding over it? It has become a plain,—the work of Jesus has levelled it. What is that great cloud, the aggregate of bypast

sin, charged with condemnation, spreading itself overhead? Lo! it has melted away;—"I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions; and, as a cloud, thy sins," (Isa. xlv. 22.) The Sun of righteousness has shone upon it. His rays, like burning arrows, have dispersed the elements of wrath. There is nothing now seen but the bright azure of a radiant heaven; and a voice is heard, amid the glorious sunshine, uttering the words, "Return unto me, for I have redeemed thee!"

"WHO IS A GOD LIKE UNTO THEE, THAT PARDONETH INIQUITY, AND PASSETH BY THE TRANSGRESSION OF THE REMNANT OF HIS HERITAGE? HE RETAINETH NOT HIS ANGER FOR EVER, BECAUSE HE DELIGHTETH IN MERCY."

26TH DAY.

"How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God"—

"But Zion said, The Lord hath forsaken me, and my Lord hath forgotten me. Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee."—ISA. xlix. 14, 15.

More than  
Parental Love.

THERE are seasons in the experience of many of God's people, when, by reason of outward trials or inward troubles, they feel desolate and desponding. Spiritual comforts are gone. They have little of the hallowed communion they once enjoyed with their heavenly Father,—little fervour or filial nearness in prayer,—little pleasure in reading the Word or attending the Sanctuary. A chilling blight has passed over their spiritual being. In the bitterness of conscious estrangement from the God of their life, they are led to harbour the secret thought—"The Lord hath forsaken me, and my Lord hath forgotten me."

God points to the tenderest type of

earthly love—the mother with her infant hanging on her breast, or seated by its cradle tending it in sickness. That infant's cry may fail to rouse the hireling from slumber; but with wakeful ear she anticipates its every want. For days and nights she seats herself by the couch of the tiny sufferer,—smoothing every dimple in its pillow, and kissing away the hot tears from the fevered cheek.

Such, says God, is the most touching picture of tender *human* affection. "Yea," He adds, "they *may* forget." There may be exceptional cases where a mother *may* be found untrue to her offspring, and nature prove faithless to her strongest instincts. "YET *will I not forget thee!*"

Think of this. If His dealings should at times appear inexplicable,—if amid baffling dispensations, we may be led at times to say, with Gideon of old, "If the Lord be with us, why is all this

befallen us?"—let us hush the unkind misgiving—by the remembrance, that the affection of the fondest human parent to her offspring is but a feeble shadow compared to that of Him who pities as a father, comforts as a mother, and loves as God alone can do! The earthly parent sees it needful at times, to employ salutary rebuke and discipline. So does our Father in heaven at times consider it necessary to let His tenderest affection to His covenant people take the form of chastisement. But His faithfulness on that account dare not be questioned or impeached. He chastens us *because* He loves us. The time will come when all that is now dark and perplexing will be explained and vindicated. "What a day is before us," writes one who has the glowing wish fulfilled, "when we shall be able to adore His faithfulness, without the teaching of it by a crossed will and disappointed prospects!"

Go, burdened one, fearlessly on. "He hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." That loving eye never slumbers—that wakeful vigilance is never suspended. Dishonour not God by unbelieving distrust of His word and ways. Look back on the past—trace His footprints of love—the unmistakable tokens of His presence and supporting grace,—let these be encouragements for the present and pledges for the future. The dearest earthly friend *may* forget you—distance may sever—memory may fail—the mind may become a blank—the old familiar greetings may be met only by an unconscious gaze—Death *may* have already, and at some time *will*, put his impressive seal on the most sacred interchanges of human affection—"YET *will* I *not* forget thee!"

"NEVERTHELESS, I AM CONTINUALLY WITH THEE.  
THOU HAST HOLDEN ME BY MY RIGHT HAND."

27TH DAY.

"How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God"—

*"I will ransom them from the power of the grave; I will redeem them from death: O death, I will be thy plagues; O grave, I will be thy destruction."*—Hos. xiii. 14.

*"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."*  
—Ps. cxvi. 115.

**Death Vanquished.** IN the first of these "precious thoughts," God is represented in a past eternity as looking down the vista of the future. He sees a vassal-world doomed to destruction; its perishing millions laden with fetters moving onwards to death and the grave. He hears their cry. It stirs the thoughts and longings of His divine heart. "I will ransom them," He exclaims, "from the power of the grave, I will redeem them from death!" Nor was this a mere passing thought, a transient emotion, akin to the human pity which is evoked for the moment by some spectacle of pain or distress. Many generous and benevolent "thoughts" of man have never been embodied in deed. Many noble

resolves die away with the hour which gave them birth—"that very day his thoughts perish." But what God "thought" He *did*. He gave the costliest proof, which even Omnipotence *could* give, of the reality and intensity of these thoughts. The ransom-price He paid to "redeem from death" was the blood of His own, His only Son. By the doing and dying of Jesus, Death has now become to the believer a vanquished foe;—nay, the hour of dissolution is in reality the commencement—the birth-day—of a nobler life. It is the dropping of the flower to let the fruit expand—the bursting of the prison-bars to lead the soul out to gladsome light and freedom. We can look forward with triumphant hope and joy to that hour, when the eternal 'thought' in all its sublime magnitude shall be fulfilled,—buried myriads starting from their graves—their every chain broken—the king of terrors dethroned and un-



crowned,—and the triumphant song of the risen dead ascending, “Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

Reader, the time of your death is a solemn moment;—when about to enter the realities of the spirit-world. But precious is that moment in the sight and in the thoughts of God! You may possibly then be removed from the loving thoughts of others. Cherished voices may be separated by distance when the last enemy overtakes you. But there will be *divine* thoughts and a *divine* Presence which cannot be away. When words can no longer be heard,—when too weak to listen, too feeble to speak,—one joyous and blessed assurance will be yours, “My God thinks of me!” As an earthly father’s tenderest thoughts are on his dying child, so is it with our Heavenly Father. The *life* of His people, indeed, is lovingly watched over and

cherished by Him;—but specially “precious in the sight of the Lord” is their *death*. An earthly father’s most *joyous* thoughts are in the prospect of welcoming his long absent child once more to his dwelling; precious and joyous also in the sight of the Lord, as each member of His ransomed family stands on the heavenly threshold, ready to enter the Eternal Home,—the adopted child—the cherished heir, ready to take possession of the Everlasting Inheritance! Or, is it the death of some member of the household of faith who is near and dear to you? precious also is *their* death in the sight of the Lord. Their pillow is smoothed by Divine hands,—“*So giveth he his beloved sleep.*” They may now be precious only in your *memory*, but they are precious in God’s “*sight.*” Yes! in His full vision and fruition “the beloved of the Lord shall dwell safely.”

“BECAUSE THY LOVING-KINDNESS IS BETTER THAN LIFE, MY LIPS SHALL PRAISE THEE.”

28TH DAY.

"How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God"—

*"For a small moment have I forsaken thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee. In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer."*—ISA. liv. 7, 8.

### Contrasted Dealings.

THE precious thought of this verse is "the exceeding riches of God's grace;"—the contrast between His judgments and His kindnesses. The forsaking is "for a small moment," the gathering is "with great mercies." The hidden face is "but for a moment," and "in a little wrath;"—the "mercy" is accompanied "with everlasting kindness." Judgment is His strange work. Strong to smite, He is stronger still to save.

What an encouragement to every backslider to return!—that he will be met, not with coldness—rebuke—reserve—distance; but with a forgiving welcome. That gospel picture of the father receiving the lost prodigal may

be regarded as the representation of the Lord's thoughts embodied in acts. He gives the kiss, the robe, the ring, the feast. There is not a frown on that Father's brow,—all the erring past is buried in everlasting oblivion.

“This is not the manner of men, O Lord God!” Man's love, how easily cooled—easily diverted;—like the ray of light, refracted and broken, or dimmed and obscured by the passing cloud. But “God is light, and in him is no darkness at all.” He knows no obliquity;—He is without shadow of turning. It is in spiritual as in natural things. As we ourselves cast our own shadows — intercepting the beams of the sun ; so, it is not God, but our own sin which projects the shadow in the pathway of the spiritual life. Moreover, the forsaking on His part, is only apparent. The sun shines brightly as ever behind these temporary intervening clouds. The stone or impeding rock

obstructs the flow of the great river "for a moment." But it is only "for a moment;" and it rolls on deep and still as before, in its full volume of "everlasting kindness."

Be it mine, if the flow be arrested, to search out and remove the obstruction; if God's face be hidden, to discover the intervening clouds; if the spiritual life be languishing, to trace out the secret of the sorrowful declension; whether it be neglected privilege, or omitted duty, or secret sin, or tampered with temptation, or engrossing worldliness. "I will say unto God my Rock, why hast Thou forgotten me; why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?" Oh how little it takes to soil the windows of the soul, and to dim and blurr the spiritual landscape! How small the worm needed to wither and blight the gourd of our spiritual joys! How little it takes to rust the key of prayer, clip the wings of faith,

chill the warmth of love, and shut us out from the loving ear of God. "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me."

As it is "the Lord the Redeemer," who speaks in our motto-verse, to Him I must look for grace and strength—restoration and revival. I can do all things through Christ which strengthen me. "Wilt thou not revive us O Lord?"

"SO WILL NOT WE GO BACK FROM THEE: QUICKEN US, AND  
WE WILL CALL UPON THY NAME."

29TH DAY.

"How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God"—

*"And I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not: I will lead them in paths that they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them."*—ISA. xlii. 16.

**Guidance in the Dark.** THERE are times when God's dealings with His people are perplexing,—His thoughts very deep,—His ways past finding out;—when the present is full of anxiety, the future full of difficulty. Their condition is that of blind men groping at noontide,—the whole of life a mazy labyrinth, of which they have lost the guiding thread. Their path seems shut up. Pharaoh is behind, and the raging Red Sea in front;—their feeling is—"We are entangled; the wilderness hath shut us in." Or they may be embarrassed in solving some question of duty. The employment and destiny of a lifetime may depend on a moment's choice. They may feel the responsibility of deciding

between rival and competing claims;—trembling and fearful lest some selfish, carnal, unworthy motive may mingle in the decision, and yet experiencing a painful inability to decide what is best.

Perplexed or desponding one! amid these thine anxious, wavering, undecided thoughts, be this thy comfort—*God's* thoughts are upon thee. He is the leader of the blind. "Speak," says He, "to the children of Israel, that they go forward." At the crisis-hour of difficulty or trial He will appear to all His seeking, trusting people, and vouchsafe guidance or deliverance,—not, perhaps, what they expect, but what He knows to be best for them. At the fourth watch of the night Jesus came to his disciples walking upon the sea. "They wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way: they found no city to dwell in. Hungry and thirsty, their soul fainted in them. Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he delivered



them out of their distresses. And he led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation," (Ps. cvii. 4-7.) Rely on the God of the pillar-cloud. He will bring thee, as He did His Israel, "through the flood on foot." "Be still," is His tender rebuke to the distrustful soul, "and know that I am God." How it would disarm life of many of its anxieties, and take the sting from many perplexities, if we were careful to listen to His voice (the expression and utterance of His "precious thoughts")—" *This* is the way; walk ye in it." "A wondrous way—a tender way—but, with all its humiliations, THE right way."—(*Evans.*) Yes, believe it,—"*All* the paths of the Lord [and this present dark and perplexing path of yours, whatever it be, is one of them] are mercy and truth to such as keep his covenant and his testimonies." Confide in no fallible guidance. Be this your lofty resolve—"In *the Lord*

put I my trust; how say ye to my soul,  
 Flee as a bird to your mountain?"  
 Regard every new turn in existence as  
 a wise, provident "thought" of your  
 heavenly Father. Make it your earnest  
 prayer in the words of Nehemiah—  
 "*Think upon me, my God, for good,*"  
 (Neh. v. 19.) Thus, putting your case  
 in His hands, and leaving it there, "He  
 shall bring forth thy righteousness as  
 the light, and thy judgment as the  
 noonday," (Ps. xxxvii. 6.) Yours may  
 be a mingled, chequered past—yet  
 too how bright with blessings,—how  
 full of remembrances of God's loving  
 thoughts,—His gracious interventions  
 — His signal deliverances! Make  
 these an argument and reason for im-  
 plicit trust in the future: "Thou hast  
*been* my help; leave me not, neither  
 forsake me, O God of my salvation."

"WHOSO IS WISE, AND WILL OBSERVE  
 THESE THINGS, EVEN THEY SHALL UNDERSTAND THE  
 LOVING-KINDNESS OF THE LORD."

30TH DAY.

"How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God"—

"*And they shall be mine, saith the Lord o hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him.*"—MAL. iii. 17.

**Divine Treasures.** THE preceding context tells us of "a book of remembrance" that was "written before him, for them that feared the Lord, and that *thought* upon his name." That book of remembrance was a record of the believer's "thoughts" towards God. We have here the wondrous counterpart,—God's thoughts towards the believer. Two beautiful pictures of earth and heaven! On earth, His children are gathered together, speaking "often one to another" of the great and glorious Being they delight to serve. In heaven, He who seeth in secret, "hearkens,"—and thus records His own gracious thoughts respecting them in the book of life—"They shall be mine in that day when

I make up my jewels," (*margin*, "my precious treasure.")

With what eager thoughts—ardent aspirations—do men look forward to the attainment of some cherished hope or prize or treasure, for which, as the case may be, they have wisely or unwisely toiled. The money-seeker for the day when he shall collect and store his coveted heaps. The historian for the day when his hoarded facts,—his lettered lore,—shall be compiled into a volume. The architect for the hour when the last plank of scaffolding shall be removed from the building on which he expects his renown to rest. The sculptor for the last touch being put on the breathing marble, that he may set it among the finished works of his studio.

The great God, here as elsewhere, is represented as anticipating with complacent joy and satisfaction the day of "the consummation of all things;"—the day on which the top-stone of

His temple shall be brought forth with shouting,—when the now compiling volume of remembrance shall be finished,—when the now filling casket shall be complete, and He shall display His jewels before an admiring and adoring world. And what does He say is to form, amid these lustrous jewels, His most prized treasure, that on which His eye seems most lovingly and fondly to rest? “*They*,” says He, “they,” (my believing people,—the trembling band that feared me and spake of me on earth,) “they” on that day “shall be mine!”

Oh most precious, most wondrous thought of God! Can it be that He can think of treasuring *me*,—a poor, unworthy, contemptible piece of clay, in His casket now, and at last of setting me a jewel in His crown? Yes! What has He given for that jewel? Estimate its worth by the purchase-price;—“Ye were not redeemed with corruptible

things, such as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ."

And, as if this one exquisite figure were not enough, He adds, "And I will spare them as a man spareth his own son that serveth him." Jewels are precious; but what are they compared to a loved and dutiful son? If jewels were in a burning house, a man would rush to save them. But if the alternative lay between saving them and a precious child, would he for a moment hesitate?

I will spare my believing people, says God, as a man would rush, heedless of the flames, to rescue his darling son. When the heavens, being on fire, shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, not a hair of their heads shall perish. I will save them with a great salvation. They are *mine* now,—mine, justified in Christ, mine, adopted into my family; mine they shall be, acknowledged and ac-

140      THE THOUGHTS OF GOD.

quitted in the day of judgment; yea,  
mine for ever and ever!

"HE THAT OVERCOMETH SHALL INHERIT ALL THINGS; AND  
I WILL BE HIS GOD, AND HE SHALL BE MY SON."

81ST DAY.

"How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God"—

*"Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself: for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended."*—  
ISA. lx. 20.

**Mourning** WE have traced, in previous  
**Ended.** meditations, God's thoughts  
towards us from a *past* eternity,—loving us with an everlasting love. We have pondered some of His *present* thoughts of tenderness, kindness, and sympathy, towards His suffering and sorrowing, His tried and tempted people. But as His thoughts have been *from* everlasting, so are they *to* everlasting. "He that loved His people," says a now glorified saint, "out of darkness, loves them into everlasting light."

It is again the mourner who is specially served heir to the preciousness of this 'thought of God' regarding a world of glory. Some prized earthly sun has set. Some fond earthly star



that has long lighted up the earthly pathway, has been swept from the firmament.

“Hush thy sorrow!” says He; “dry thy tears.” These setting suns, and waning moons, and quenched stars, shall reappear as fixed orbs in an unchanging sphere,—where the ‘loved and lost’ shall be loved never to be lost again. Ay, and better still, there will be a nobler light—a peerless Sun—to supersede the need of all earthly luminaries, and lead you to be independent of all,—“The city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.” Other luminaries *may* still, and doubtless *shall* still be there, with their cherished radiance. The old hallowed memories of earth will be revived, restored, perpetuated. But the city and the citizens will have no *need* of them; they will not require the tiny

candle, or glimmering star-light, with the blaze of noon; they will not need the feeble rill, when they have the boundless, infinite ocean.

God's works and ways, His character and perfections, His wisdom and faithfulness, His ever-present fellowship and love, will form perpetual theme and material for contemplation. The ever-new song of the ransomed will be the old strain of earth—"How precious also are *thy* thoughts unto me, O God!"

"And the days of thy mourning shall be ended." Mourning one, think of this! Weeping days here; joyful days yonder. The muffled harp here; the golden harp yonder. The ocean swept with storm and tempest here; the crystal sea unruffled with one wave yonder. The dew-drops and tear-drops of earthly sorrow, as they sparkle in the radiance of the risen Sun of Eternity, will be so many little

mirrors reflecting the glory of God—lustrous witnesses of His faithfulness and love. Life may now be to thee a dreary winter landscape;—its once sunny hollows and green nooks—the crevices of spring and summer—embedded with snow; but a glorious resurrection-time is at hand, when the gladsome announcement shall be made—“The winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come.” Oh! blessed prospect. In God’s light, we shall see light. The unexplained thoughts of the present all made luminous in the glory of that unsetting sun,—not one floating cloud discernible on the boundless horizon.

“NOW WE SEE THROUGH A GLASS, DARKLY; BUT  
THEN FACE TO FACE: NOW I KNOW IN PART; BUT THEN  
SHALL I KNOW EVEN AS ALSO I AM KNOWN.”

The Lord of Hosts hath sworn,  
saying, Surely as I have  
**Thought,**  
so shall it come to pass;  
and  
as I have purposed,  
so shall it stand.

ISA. xiv. 24.



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